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JOHN CROOK'S JOURNAL

I was born in Township of Trenton, Lancashire, England, October eleventh, 1831. I attended Bertinslaw Sunday School, "Methodist," until between 10 and 11 years old.

About 9 years old I was sent to the Eagley Bridge Mills, winding spools for Father; he was tape weaving. My sister Alice and I made a full team, half the time each in factory, and the other attending school. Children were not allowed full time until 13 yrs. past, though I was of large stature and passed examination about 12 yrs. I was brought up strictly moral and was religiously inclined.

My father heard of a new religion and went to Bolton to hear them preach, and in Sept. 1840 he and Robert Holden were baptised into the Church of Jesus Christ, L. D. S. About this time my father would have me and sister Alice go with him to Bolton, attending the meetings, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, walking by his side, each hold onto his hands. It was not until I was about 12 years old that I attended regularly. About that time a Sunday School started and in course of time I became a teacher. In the summer of 1844 the L. D. S. held meeting in a Chapel on Bury St. beside a great factory. One Sunday after coming out of Sunday School and going into the meeting house I saw the stand was decorated with crepe; I inquired what that was for, and was told this was in honor of the martyrdom of the Prophet and Patriarch Joseph and Hyrum Smith. In the spring of 1847 I was baptised by Uncle Peter Mayhys in the brook by Hallith Wood.

While a little boy in petticoats, I was playing in the fire, my clothes caught fire, a neighbor Lady ducked me into a rain barrel. We lived 7 years in that house, moved to another house, lived about 7 years there, and then moved to a new house called Haslems Row on Darwin Road near Dunscar Village. Our village was called Toppings; we lived about half way between. After arriving at 12 years I was set to weaving tapes, attending 2 looms of 50 shuttles, under Wm. Cooper, earning at first 6 shillings per week, increased to 8 shillings with overtime, some-



John Crook

times earning only 5 shillings in 2 weeks. Pay day came around every two weeks.

Jan 1st. 1851. We left old England to come to America in the ship Ellen. There were about 475 passengers, about 25 crew and captain, making in all about 500 souls. We left river Mercy, Liverpool, about the 8th. of January. Cloudy disagreeable day raining and blowing in the evening very dark. About 12 o'clock at night a schooner crossed our track and we collided with her. She caught in our jibboom, broke it, swung around to the side of the vessel and broke the main yard arm and fore yard. We had to put in Cardigan Bay, North Wales for repairs. We stayed till the 23rd. of Jan. (adverse winds the cause) and then set sail again. One week in the Irish channel, head wind all the time. The morning of the 31st. when we got up we had fair wind all sails reefed, waves running mountain high. Going about 9 miles an hour. Had very good weather then until we got to the West India islands, then we were becalmed two or three days. We sailed between Jamaica and San Domingo Islands. March 13th. came in sight of the Mississippi; could see the line of the river waters a long time.

Sixteenth a tug boat took two more vessels besides ours up to New Orleans. March 18th. started up the river for St. Louis; we paid \$2.50 per head, baggage free. 25th. landed in St. Louis. It was very cold. Snow on the ground while there, stayed until April 13th. Then started for Kaneshville or Council Bluffs city. Fare 5 dollars per head. Twenty days on the road, on a sand bar three days, very cold weather, river very low. Had to back down many a time. Great amount of snags to be seen. Landed all safe May 2nd. The Saints were fitting to start for Salt Lake City or Utah. Peter Holden bought a farm from a man named Henderson, about 100 acres, 10 acres plowed, the rest wood land, three log cabins on the farm. We had a very hot, wet summer. Every night clouds would rise in the west. There would be rain, thunder and lightning, terrible to behold.

In the Spring, Father worked six weeks fitting up wagons. They said all should go as wanted to go. But when the time came around for going we could not get a chance to go (no room they said). My brother-in-law, Edmund Kay, and I worked 2 or 3 weeks, chopping and splitting timber for wagons and we were engaged as teamsters to go with a train of machinery for working up the beet into sugar. In charge of John Taylor and Russel. But father said we must stay and go all together, if we could get a chance. Peter Holden sold his farm to a man named McPherson that same year for less than he gave for it and crossed the plains with Thomas Hichens.

All the talk through the winter and spring was to fit up and prepare to gather in a body to Utah coming summer. So everybody that could work turned in and were organized in companies, some working fitting up wagons, chains and yokes etc., others in timber splitting and preparing the timbers. About the first of May they commenced organizing companies and starting them out.

Apostle Orson Hyde with Feramor Little were in charge of this season's emigration. About 20 companies I think left for Utah. All that could possibly fit up did so, some yoking up cows and yearling steers. I saw several teams with yearlings yoked in.

When Father was told that there was no show for him to get away he felt very bad over it. After the authorities promising that all that turned in and worked, none should be left behind. In fact he never seemed to get over it. He seemed to have no life left for anything, and in the month of July he took the chills and fever. In about 2 weeks he was a corpse, died broken hearted. He died on the 2nd. of August; on the 3rd. he was buried in the cemetery, one half mile north of Kaneshville. Myself and brotherinlaw had to dig the grave, none coming around to give a helping hand. An old man named Greer living close by took compassion about the last moment and proffered to haul the corpse and did so to the cemetery, this being all that was present outside of our own family, we filling the grave. This seemed very hard to bear being strangers also in the country.

Peter Holden having sold his farm, we had to look out for another home. Hearing of some improvements to be sold, one mile south of Kaneshville, in what was called George A. Smith's hollow, we went to examine said places and bought two claims opposite each other. One of four acres, under fence and log cabin on it, and one unfinished claim belonging to one Saunders. Paying him five dollars for the quit claim deed. And the other opposite owned by Edward Paz, three acres fenced with brush fence and log cabin, four dollars. So we moved right away and put in some crops. This hollow was a very sickly place facing the Missouri swamp bottoms and caused chills and fever very much. Therefore myself and sister Alice contracted the disease which stayed with us until next spring, shaking every day until cold weather set in. The chills were lighter and not so often, say about every 3 days so we concluded to move out of this sickly hollow.

Along in the winter we rented a house on a claim about one half mile east of Kaneshville belonging to a Widow of a Minister, who had bought many claims cheap the summer before

when the Saints left for the valleys, and who had now become very wealthy from the same.

I was still suffering with the disease and had become very weak. I was becoming very low in circumstances. Being near the timber I took a contract of cord wood of this same lady and would go out in the middle of the day and cut wood. Took one about one week to earn 50 pounds of flour she furnishing said flour and sour at that, no money those days. We got down very poor and suffered a good deal for food, one morning we had nothing but some musty corn on the cob, so I ground it in the coffee mill. This was about the lowest ebb. Got some flour this day and we began to recruit up from this time on. About the 6th. of April 1853 I took a dose of salt and water which stopped the chills.

Being tired of those claims and the sickly hollow, we sold the claims to Lawyers Cassidy and Test, for about ten dollars each. Having divided up the property after Father's death, brotherinlaw Edmund Kay sold one claim and I the other. He had bought a claim near to where we lived the first year in Hatch Hollow.

The following spring, 1854, I hired out to Mr. Voorhees, merchant, to do his chores for \$10.00 per month and board. We moved into a house just north of Voorhees store. I worked day work until fall and then I engaged to a surveyor who was going north sectionizing Ida and Monona counties, and was gone about two months for \$30.00 per month and board. I worked with Voorhees about one year and then hired to J. B. Stutsman, merchant, doing his chores and working his team on shares. I bought two city lots in Stutsman's addition for \$65.00 and built a house on the same. My brotherinlaw and I made an ice house on same and put up ice to sell.

In peddling ice I became acquainted with my wife, then Miss Giles who was acting as servant at B. R. Pegrams. The family of Mr. Giles were intending to move to Utah in the spring of 1856 so I concluded to sell out and move also. A Mr. Armstrong offered me \$275.00 so I took him up. At this time I had a span of horses bought from Mr. Shackelton, sold it to Mr. Bryant my neighbor. So I bought a light wagon and two yoke of steers, costing me \$250.00 in all. By the time I was ready to start on the journey I had about ten dollars left.

It was understood that a company of saints would be organized about the first of June. An Elder Cunningham from Salt Lake City had charge of the Church affairs in the Bluffs. So the Giles's folks, some four wagons of them and myself gathered in a ravine south of the city called Hang Hollow, making up and preparing our necessary outfit.

About the first of June 1856, we left Hang Hollow for Florence, Nebraska. The gathering place was about six miles from Bluff City across the Missouri River. We crossed our wagons on a ferry boat about the second day of June. The first company of saints to cross the plains was organized about the fourth of June under the direction of Philo Merrill as captain who had crossed the plains nine times before. The company consisted of some fifty wagons, divided in companies of ten with a sub captain.

The Giles and myself were in E. B. Tripp's company. Elder E. B. Tripp was returning from a mission to the Eastern states, he had two wagons of his own. The first day's drive was about six miles and the next day to Elk Horn river ferry, a trying time to all who were green hands with cattle. In going down the hill, which was very steep to the ferry, my two wild yoke of cattle started to run, and ran the wagon into a deep gully washed out by rains in the road. Result a broken axle. A grove of hard wood close by supplied a new one and a few spare ones to take along. The end of one stick which was a little long I made into a maul, which I have to this day, 1893. This axle was put into Father Giles' wagon on big Sandy near Green River. After completing all repairs and crossing the river we were thoroughly organized with camp and cattle guards. Being then in an Indian country it required a thorough system of watchfulness.

All went along very peacefully until one night camping on Wood River, something was seen to crawl in among the cattle and the cattle stampeded, overturning some wagons in their pelmell rush. It was supposed the stampede was caused by some roughs, who followed us from Council Bluffs with that intention. Cattle when crossing the plains in Indian countries also are very easily stampeded. Here we had to stay three days gathering up cattle, some never being found, having got mixed with the buffalo. Father Giles lost two good cows in the buffalo herds. This season buffalo were very thick on the plains, herds of thousands were seen every day. We sometimes had to stop the train while the herds went past to water. One day while nooning on Wood River, a big herd came charging on us from the hills. All hands were called out with guns and fired into them to turn them off. Another time while traveling buffalo charged our train and stampeded our whole train, causing some accidents, some ladies I believe got badly bruised, being thrown out of the wagons.

Most of the emigrant trains traveled on the south side of the Platte River up to old Fort Laramie. But we traveled all the way on the North side. Captain Merrill said we would find

the best feed on the north side of the river. In going over the Black hills to Sweet Water creek we had to camp one night without water, a drive of about 35 miles between water. At Independence Rock the train was halted for one hour, giving the people a chance to gather saleratus. The country is a vast plain here with saleratus swamps and stretches of sage brush intervening. I gathered about one bushel in big chunks. This article was much sought after when arriving in the valleys. But I held onto mine which I found to my benefit in after years. This article in the crude state is pure if not so nice looking as the imported, which had to be hauled in wagons as other merchandise one thousand miles.

After leaving the Platte river and traveling through the Black hill country. It was thought best to divide the train into three divisions as feed was in smaller patches and more scattered than on the great Platte meadows. Dr. Peter Clinton was appointed over one division and E. B. Tripp another one. Both these gentlemen were of Salt Lake City and well known. Captain Merrill kept the larger division. And thus we traveled about one half day's drive apart until we reached the Big Mountain. In going over this mountain we had the first view of the Salt Lake valley at a distance which made all rejoice, realizing that our journey's end was near.

On the 14th. of August we nooned in a little valley between what is called Big and Little mountains. This valley is at the head of Parley's canyon. No road down there, travel went over Little Mountain and down Emigration canyon. While nooning here a small train of wagons under the charge of Mr. Parrish came along in a rush. They had left Florence about the same time as our train, and we had encountered them once or twice on the Platte bottoms. They had bragged of beating us into Salt Lake City by two weeks or more, as their company was small and would have the advantage of feed etc. Teams they said would be in better condition. But when they undertook to climb the hill the roads being slippery with the showers, their teams gave out and had to double and tripple in some cases. Well, we had quite a time also in getting over the mountains. So we had to camp in Emigration canyon that night. Early next morning we hitched up and about four miles down the canyon the road passed over what is termed a Hogs back, a road cut through a hill. And then you had a full view of Salt Lake City and valley. There was the blue water of the Salt Lake in the far west and the beautiful settlements in the foreground. Enchanting to the eye. There was the scene before us that we had long looked for, and read and sung about, the city of the Saints. Oh what a joy filled each bosom at the sight. About noon the 15th of August we rolled

into Salt Lake City and went into camp on Emigration square. We hitched teams, appointed guards and sent cattle to the range some three miles north and beyond Ensign Peak, there to be herded until such time as all parties had made arrangements to scatter throughout the territory wherever friends or connections resided.

The Giles and myself, four teams of us started for Provo City on the 19th of August and camped on the Jordan River that night. Next day Mr. J. B. Milner of Provo met us. Being informed of our coming and being a friend of Mr. Giles he escorted us to Provo City that night. By the time we entered the main streets of Provo it had become very dark. A storm was brewing on the mountains and you could hardly see your team ahead if dark colored. We went a few blocks south and then turned east toward the high mountain. It looked as though we were going to run against it. But we arrived all safe at Mr. Milners. Next morning in looking east we beheld snow on the mountains nearly one half way down. This was a beautiful sight to behold, never having seen such a sight before at this time of the year. We camped in our wagons for some time in Mr. Milner's lot. We went to work helping the farmers to harvest. One George Ekin had a piece of wheat lodged very much and he gave me the job of cutting it with a sickle. Not having done much of that kind of work it was slow business, and I nearly cut off my little finger on my left hand. But I kept at it until I got the patch down. Harvest being over in about one month, we went to cutting cane on the lake shore for feed which had grown very tall. This cane is a kind of a flag growing about ten feet high and very thick on the ground, making very good winter feed.

On September 6th. 1856 I married Mary Giles in Provo City. Pop J. O. Duke performed the ceremony. I was still sleeping in the wagon, so our first night after marriage was in the wagon. And many more until sometime about November. Then Thomas Rasband, my brotherinlaw, suggested that we rent a house for the winter. So we rented a house of one room from Father Cluff, and we still slept in the wagon all winter. The house being small we could not very well all sleep in the house comfortably. I had the dysentery all winter which often attacks new comers in Utah and it brought me down very low. I had to use opium pills to ease pain so that I could sleep a little at nights. We all worked together through the season and shared alike. We bought ten acres of land joining on the east line of Provo City and got James E. Snow, county surveyor of Utah county, to divide it up into lots, giving us two lots each, six families of the Giles connections. Each sold off a yoke of cattle

to purchase bread stuffs also land for farming purposes. We made some adobes and built two small houses for Father and Thomas Giles. Next year we built two more houses, one for me and wife and one for Thomas Rasband and family. This was the agreement to work together until we all had houses to live in. John and Fred Giles were not married, the other two having city lots in the piece of land bought for that purpose. One yoke of cattle was the purchase price I believe, valued at \$100.00 from Jared Bullock.

The winter of '56 and '57 was very severe, and snow deep. Mr. Rasband and I hauled willows from Provo river bottoms for firewood. Some times we would sink up to our armpits where snow had lodged on willow bushes. This made poor firewood. When we found that parties were going up on the mountains and sliding timber down on the snow we all started this game too. We got lots of wood then and got logs to make lumber for our buildings next summer. We hauled the logs to a saw mill a little north of the city owned by a gentleman named Mills. In the spring I began to feel better. I got three acres of land in the fort field so called, for my share of the divide. The spring time came around and time to put in crops. I told Father Giles I had never done any plowing but with his help I learned how and we raised a big crop. We had about two acres in wheat and about one half acre in potatoes. The soil was full of alkali and patches of wheat burned out, making about one half acre loss in harvest. We had eighty bushels of wheat and 75 bushels of potatoes. One of my oxen died but we had grain and potatoes, plenty for bread and to buy another ox. By the way in the fall of 1856 bread stuffs were scarce, wheat \$2.00 per bushel, flour \$6.00 per 100 pounds. Farmers were just harvesting a crop after two years grasshopper war and before harvest of 1857 breadstuffs were scarce again, we all ran short of flour and had to eat barley flour and bran bread until wheat was hard enough to grind, near onto two months I think it was.

On the 24th of July word came that U. S. was sending an army to exterminate the Mormons and a whole load of ropes to hang our leaders. Preparations were made to fortify all passes to Utah. A company of infantry was called from Provo to Echo Canyon. Thomas Rasband, Geo. Giles, Fred Giles and I were in the company. William E. Nuttal was captain when called out. First camped on the Provo river about the time of October conference. Time the morning star came up we were ordered to march on foot. Nooned at Lehi. Marched again. Boys were giving out all along, and baggage wagons picking them up. George Giles and I took a jog trot for a mile or so down point of hill. We got to big Cottonwood Creek a little before sun-down.

Brother Rasband came in soon after us and lay down. We said we were going to have supper first. We arrived in Echo Canyon about tenth of October, formed camp four miles up from Weber river. A narrow pass with perpendicular rocks. Made a dam in creek, built fortifications on rocks. I was selected cook for our platoon, ten men, Martin Mills, Lieut.; Hyrum Pace, Col. for Utah county. They drilled us every morning, provisions were scarce, sometimes all flour and then again all meat. Heavy snows on the mountains caused delays in arrival of supply teams.

Well, we camped there about eight weeks. U. S. troops settled at Bridger. We got home about the 10th of December, 1857. Governor Brigham Young gave orders for a general move in spring all north of Utah county. Spring of 1858 was backward. I put in the Needhams land again. About that time the move began. Teams were recalled from Utah county to help move people from Salt Lake City. The road was lined with teams. I made three trips to Salt Lake City. I brought one family, man and two wives, mother and daughter. Daughter said she was only thirteen years old but had a baby also. The man professed to be an eye doctor.

The U. S. troops stayed all winter, 1857-8, at Fort Bridger. Col. Kane of Philadelphia came around by California and counseled with Church authorities for a compromise. Governor Cummings and Major Powel came in and an agreement was made that the troops were not to settle within forty miles of Salt Lake City. All people had moved from Salt Lake City leaving guards with orders to burn up everything if necessary. The troops passed along and settled in Cedar valley. During the move many men being idle Brigham Young proposed to build a road through Provo canyon to Provo valley.

While the road was being built, surveyor James C. Snow and a company of men surveyed North field one and a half mile square. In Sept. the road was completed and freight teams passed through to Camp Floyd.

In October another company of men and surveyor came up and surveyed one and a half mile square west and south of Heber City. I was lead chain man. I received 25 acres of land and ten dollars in cash for surveying. Through the winter of 1858 and '59 several meetings were held in Provo City with regard to settling the Provo valley. With William Meeks as presiding Elder an organization was effected. On the last day of April 1859 the following brethren started for the valley with three teams, plows, grain and provisions: Thomas Rasband, John Crook, C. N. Carrol, John and James Carlyle, John Jordan, Jesse Bond, William Giles, William Carpenter. Night came on in the canyon when we reached a snow slide at the Blue dugway one

mile below South Park and we made camp. Next morning we pulled wagons to pieces packed upon slide, hitched on cattle, moved on again and camped at the ranch of Wm. N. Walls first day of May. Next morning moved on and came to Daniels ranch, creek washed deep, found a beaver dam, crossed teams on ice dam. Two miles farther came to Wm. Meeks ranch and camped there for breakfast, and then walked on foot to the proposed site of Heber City. Looking north we saw two black objects moving and supposed them to be animals. We started for them and found two teams plowing, Wm. Davis and son with two yoke of cattle and Robert Broadhead and James Davis with two yoke of cattle. They had been there three days and got about one acre plowed each. Mr. Davis was sowing wheat, the boy harrowing. They came from Nephi, Juab county. We moved our camp to theirs, now called London Springs. We built wick-ups of willows and grass large enough to shelter 30 men when necessary and on the fifth of May we were plowing. Thomas Rasband and I doubled teams, James Carlyle with two yoke.

A company was formed to bring the water from Provo River in a canal onto this bench. So early in the spring of 1859 many parties went to work on the canal. The spring was late and very cold in the month of April. Ice formed in chunks in the water, wind blew cold from the north. We had to wear overcoats and mittens when working. I spent about three weeks on this canal and got discouraged at the outlook, for the water was being brought in a channel through a slide of loose rock which extended about one-fourth mile. The intention was to puddle that part of the canal, I gave up in despair, never receiving anything for my labor. Most of the parties interested left in despair also. After some years when railroad facilities brought in powder cheap, a company formed again and blasted the ledge of rock right in the very line of our canal, and there is quite a stream of water running there now.

Along the summer of 1858 a wagon road was built through Provo Canyon to Provo Valley so called and a plat of land $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles square was surveyed in said valley in the month of July by J. C. Snow. Water froze nearly solid in a pint cup in the night so parties said while camping on a creek close by the land, this was mostly meadow. The intention was to make ranches for cattle, too cold for grain so said. Along through the winter of 1858 and 59 several meetings were held and discussed the feasibility of settling in the valley the following summer. Some said they thought it was too cold for agricultural purposes. Others again said they thought small grain and potatoes might be raised. Quite a few had their minds set on having the valley as a large cattle range and so they argued against raising crops

of cereals. Along towards spring an organization was effected. Wm. Meeks was appointed to take charge of affairs. After the 20th. of April Thomas Rasband and myself left off working on the canal spoken of above and went home to fix up wagons and supplies to start as soon as possible to Provo valley. We could not hear anything definite about a company starting so a few of us got together and made a start on the 29th. of April.

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We harvested some 80 bushels of wheat in the fall. The summer was very warm and we raised some watermelons also.

Along in June the west half of Heber was laid off in city lots by Jesse Fuller, eight blocks south and five and a half blocks west, myself and C. N. Carrol acting as chainmen. In July we moved camp to the city, and then commenced hauling logs and building a house. Before this in June while camping at Springs we built forty rods of fence on east string of north field, brother Rasband and myself working together. We hauled two loads of poles a day, only about two miles to haul and I think we put the same into fence each day until our portion was complete.

The first baby born in the valley was to Wm. Davidson and wife. They named it Timpanogos. The second baby born was our daughter Sarah on November 28, 1859. The winter 59 and 60 was very severe. In hauling wood from river on wagons even in December could hear wagons squeak on the snow a mile or two. We built our houses in a fort style, forty rods square, 4 rods on fort line to each family as a protection against Indians. Seventeen families stayed all winter in fort line. We hauled our grain to Provo 28 miles to grind into flour. After Christmas steady cold weather prevailed until the first Thursday in March. We held fast meeting in Thomas Rasband's house, and all hands prayed fervently to the Lord to temper the elements and cause the snow to melt, that we might be able to put in crops in the season thereof. And by noon the eaves on the north side of the house were dripping water from the snow melting, and by the middle of the month snow was about all gone.

Many families moved from Provo this month. On about the 23rd. all hands turned out and went east of Heber to Springs and Lake creek. Plowing furrows and brought them all into one channel. Many families moved to Heber, 1860, until I believe the fort was about filled up, some 40 families. The season was very favorable, raising large crops. Built log meeting house in July and celebrated Pioneer day in the building. Were going to build a bowery but John M. Murdock suggested that we complete the house and we did so. On the 14th. day of July Wm. Fenn was found drowned in Provo river. The river was high

and in crossing on foot the current took him down. He had been in the stream about two weeks. Had to move him on a sheet, dug a hole on bank of river and buried him there. Father Wood acted as coroner.

(To be continued)

THE PAHUTE FIRE LEGEND*

By Wm. R. Palmer

Tobats is the great god. There is no god like Tobats. Tobats made the world. He made the Indians and put fish in the water. He made tu-ee, the deer, and cooch, the buffalo. He made quantants, the eagle. He made qui-ah-cant, the bear. He made all the animals.

Shin-ob is the second great god. He is brother to Tobats and friend. They live together at Tobats kahn. Tobats is old, he was always old, but Shinob is young. Shinob dances the sun dance and he runs out to do Tobats' errands.

Tobats made tu-weap, the ground, and timp-i-ah, the rocks, and kaib-a, the mountains, and pau, the water. Then he rested for he was weary. To Shinob he said, "Go now and see what I have done."

Shinob looked over the world that Tobats had made and said, "It is good. It is strong. It is pretty. It is useless." Tobats answered, "It is not done. It is not finished. I will make mav, the trees. I will make flowers. I will make grass. I will make willows and brush. I will make everything." Tobats did as he said. He made them all of stone so they would endure forever. Then Tobats made Nung-wa, the Indians, and all the animals and returned to Tobats-kahn to rest. To Shinob he spoke, "Go now and see how you like tu-weap, the earth."

Shinob came and looked. Everything was beautiful as to shape and form and everything was very strong, but the living things were not happy. Shinob went to Tobats and said, "Tu-weap is very beautiful but all the animals must die. They can drink only water. There is no food for them to eat. They are very poor. The Indians are very unhappy. The wind blows and the rain and snow falls and the living things are very cold. There is no fire. They cannot make houses to shelter them. The wil-

*"As a little memento of our work together I have prepared and am sending to you under separate cover a hand-made booklet which will carry to you one of the legends I have gotten from the Pahutes of this country. I hope you may enjoy it. There are also incorporated in the binding a few typical southern Utah pictures. The bead work (artistic designs in many colors over the entire front cover, with a flint arrowhead attached as the central design) was done by a squaw named Virginia Wall; and the skin was tanned (thick, soft, and white) by Minnie Cal. I have tried to make the booklet 'Indian' in character. Gasoline, alas, has destroyed the Indian odor."

lows break when they would make baskets. Your stone trees bear no fruit. The living things can only eat each other. It is not good."

Then Tobats said to Shinob, "Go to tu-weap, the earth, and give the Indians fire. Put fire in everything. Put fire in tu-weap, the ground; put fire in timp-i-ah, the rocks; put fire in mav, the trees, so they will burn; put fire in the grass and in the willows and in the brush and in the flowers. Put fire in everything. Put water also in the trees and in the brush and the willows and the grass so they will bend and not break. Then the animals can eat them. Give the Indians fire so they can roast their meat and keep warm when the snow falls."

Shinob did as he was told. He came and called from far off to all the tribes of Indians to send men to him for fire—ten strong men from every tribe.

It was done as Shinob requested, and as the Indians came the god handed to each group a stick with fire on one end to carry back to their tribe. They must not drop it. They must not lose it. They must carry it as quickly as possible to their home lands.

When the Indians started homeward, Un-nu-pit, the devil found them. His evil spirits fell upon them and tried to steal the fire or to kill it. The Indian who carried it fought the bad spirits and held to his fire. Very fiercely he fought un-nu-pit's devils. He ran as fast and as far as he could, and when he gave out another Indian took the torch. Thus they ran and fought all over the face of tu-weap, the earth.

During this great struggle ashes and sparks were flying everywhere. Whatever was touched by them partook of Shinob's fire. Fire went into the trees, fire went into the rocks, fire went into the grass, the flowers, the willows, the brush. The trees and willows and grass and brush caught most of the sparks. They now burn best. Tu-weap got the ashes and not much fire. Tim-i-ah, the rocks, locked the fire up. Hit them together quick and they let a little out and then shut it up tight again.

For many days the Indians fought the bad spirits but Shinob helped them and they all got their fire home. Then the Indians were happy. The deer and the buffalo ate grass and grew fat. All the animals ate grass and they were all friends. The Indians cooked their food and were warm. Every man built him a wick-e-up (house) for the limbs bent without breaking and they could be properly shaped. The women made willow baskets sealed with gum to carry water and food.

When the grass and brush and trees were dry the Indians could strike the fire from the rocks into the fire in the grass and start a blaze, and when the dry trees were put on the bigger fire came out of them and made everything warm.

her cabin where she had a little table set against the wall. Over the table she spread a clean cloth, set the table, using her own dishes. Then she brought up some boxes for chairs for us to sit on and announced that our meal was ready for us. She stood by in readiness for anything more she could do for us, not permitting anyone else in camp to turn a hand, showing her gratitude and loyalty to the whites. She seemed to think it quite an honor to be able to show us the kindness and friendship she had for us. She was quite old then.

Above I spoke of a book written by Mrs. Ripley. One paragraph in the book tells of the early settlement of western Colorado. "One day Ouray and Chipeta were riding the hills. They came to a swollen stream and found some emigrants preparing to cross over. Ouray and Chipeta told them they could not cross and took them to another ford where they crossed in safety. A few days after this occasion another emigrant wagon came along and the family tried to cross the stream and all were lost. Ouray and Chipeta were not there to warn them of the danger." I read the above paragraph to Chipeta from the book and asked her if it were true and she said it was.¹

¹Besides the writers' knowing the Utes personally, the senior writer having been with them as a government official together with the time since his retirement, a total of some forty-three years, they have used as references the agency files both at Ouray and Fort Duchesne, Utah, the War Department records, and the various references to these Indians in "Handbook of American Indians," Bull. 30, parts 1 and 2, Bureau of American Ethnology, Washington, October 12, 1912.

JOHN CROOK'S JOURNAL (Concluded)

We commenced cutting logs this year to build houses on city lots. (in Heber.) Last week in August we harvested barley, Sept. 3rd began on the wheat. In 1861 we hauled 800 poles on sleds, also some for Jonathen Clegg and some for C. N. Carroll. About the first of April, 1861, we commenced plowing. Henry Luke and I joined teams and broke up land on 20 acres in section 31 of my homestead. May 17th plowing ditch for city lot. C. N. Carroll and I made ditch about five blocks east and tapped Spring creek where George Blakely's corral is now. Put in some garden and fenced it, also fenced city pasture lots and made water with Hy Luke and Patrick Carroll the balance of the month. since his retirement, a total of some forty-three years, they have used as ditches on Center creek meadow land. June, two days on road on Lake creek, working on house on city lot, and exchanged work

July, to Center creek hauling logs to saw mill for lumber for our house. 24th to 30th took some tithing to Salt Lake City, and got our endowments. August, this month we commenced harvesting barley on the 17th and wheat on Sept. 1st. Threshing extended until near Christmas. We threshed at Bishop J. L. Murdocks on the 13th, he having moved over from Midway early in the summer. Nov. 9th we moved into the house on the city lot, double log house. Oct. 27th militia organized by Bishop J. O. Duke, Col. and by Pace from Provo. And we had to haul our grain to Provo to grist mill, made two or three trips. About Christmas the canyon road washed out and there was no travel then. A John Vanwagoner was building a grist mill at Snake creek. I remember helping John Jordan get the buhr stones off the hills north of Heber City. And Wm. Reynold erected a small chopping mill turned by horse power of threshing machine. This was the show for bread after road washed away, and many had to boil wheat for food, could not grind fast enough to supply all the families. This chopper was running all winter until Vanwagoner got his grist mill running in June, 1862, at Midway. Broadhead and John Lee had a house warming on the hill Christmas day, old settlers there, coming on the running gears of wagons, two feet of snow. 1861, Christmas week, snow and rain, all gone by Jan. 1st, 1862. Road washed out in Provo canyon. Wm. A. Giles and Strong here with buggy on a visit, had to go back riding horses. Jan. 1st, 1862, field all bare of snow and cattle all out in the field. But the month was stormy, snow and rain. I had to haul willows from river for wood, been a fire and burned the willows, made good wood, snow very deep.

March, County Court organized, J. W. Witt, Judge, Charles Shelton, Clerk. March 2nd people voting for County officers of Wasatch county. April 2nd started on foot to Conference at Salt Lake City and was gone one week. I went down Provo canyon and back the same way. Brought home some apple seed from Tuckers and planted them. The next winter we organized a dramatic company, Elisha Averett read.

May 7th, 1862, commenced plowing and I cut my foot and Joseph Taylor took my farm on shares this year. June, put in oats with Hy Luke up to 21st. 22nd commenced quarrying rock for a Theatre House, quarrying and hauling until the last of July, finished the building ready for roof. We found the need of a drainage outlet, the river being very high. In some places it was one-half mile wide so we went to work and built a bridge about five miles north across the Provo River. J. Vanwagoner got his grist mill running about the time of high water and could not cross with wagons. So a boat was built and we took grain over

on that. Harvest was late this year, 17th of Sept. was the first cutting. Oats were standing up to the middle of October, threshing lasted nearly all winter, having to shovel snow for threshing floor the biggest part of the time. August 8th and 9th, 1863, two days conference, Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and others here. Held meetings in the bowery by log meeting house. October 22nd to Nov. 10th to Green River with oats for the overland stage line with two yoke of cattle.

July one week and one week in Sept. hauling logs from Snake creek to saw mill to make lumber intended for Theatre building. Sept., peeling bark, C. N. Carroll and I. Each hauled a load of bark to the tannery at Provo City. Feb. dug the first well in Heber in the corner of my lot. Brigham Young said it was the best water he had ever tasted.

1863, this spring was late, being about the first of May before plowing began, though we raised splendid grain this year. June, grass-hoppers made their appearance in great numbers and we took chickens to the field. * * *

March, 1864, this month we commenced a canal on the side hills, east and north of Heber, to supply Heber and bench land south of the city. I worked to the amount of over \$50.00 and had charge of one division of said canal. * * *

I had a man named Herbert Horsley to help on the farm this summer. We spent several days digging and plowing out pot rock. * * *

August 20 to 22nd Brigham Young and others here holding meetings again. * * *

July we commenced to build rock schoolhouse westward. I was hauling rock most of this month and one of the trustees also. Oct. hauled some sandstone for graves to Jones, Salt Lake City. * * *

Sept. 9th snow fell 4 inches deep and laid our grain flat, making a slow harvest. George Carlyle went with teams to Missouri for emigrants.

(The journal subsequently consists of brief mention of daily occupational tasks of little general or historical value. Ed.)

Utah State Historical Society

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*apparently
1st part of
his journals*